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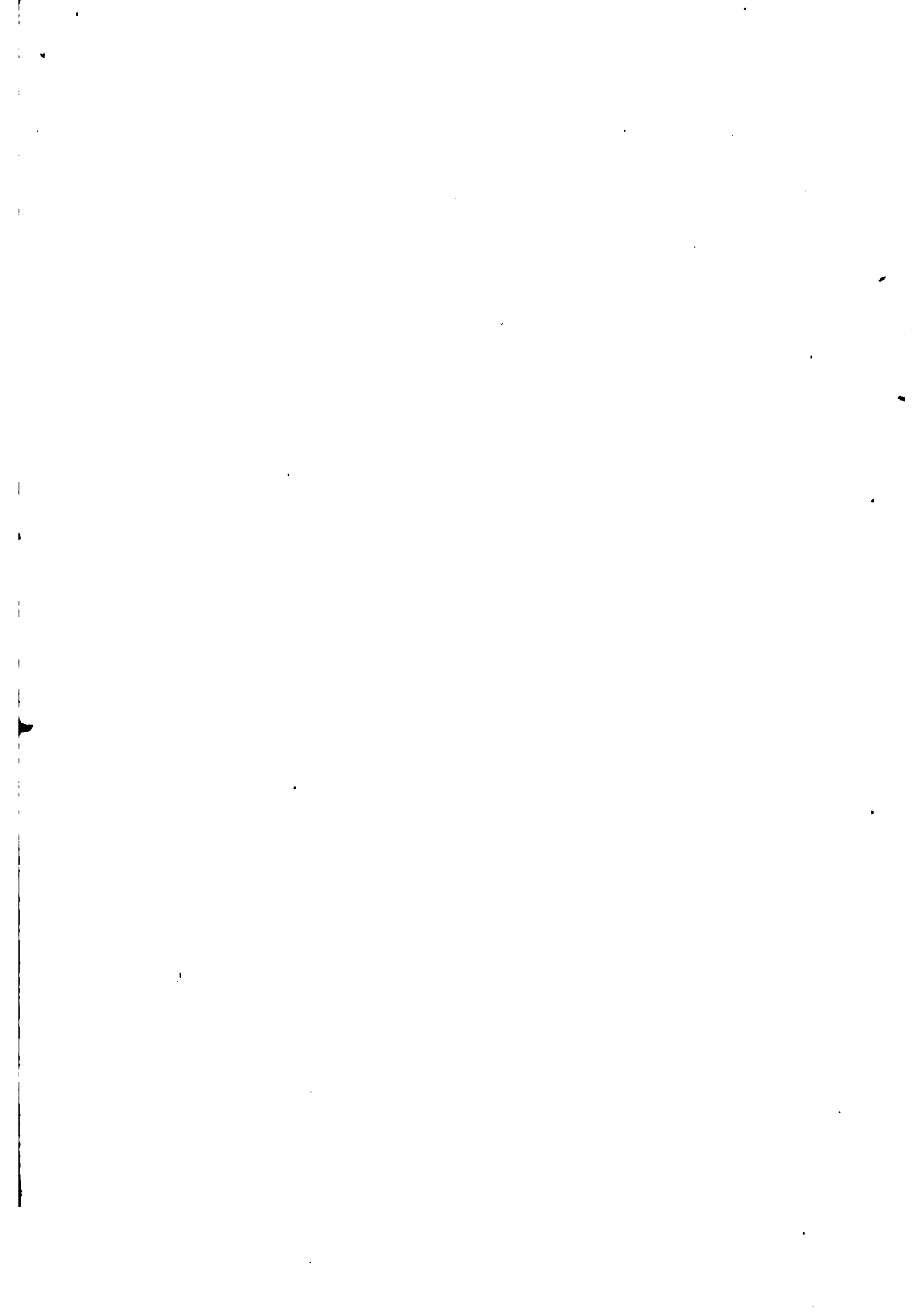
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*Yours very truly
Francis Parkman*



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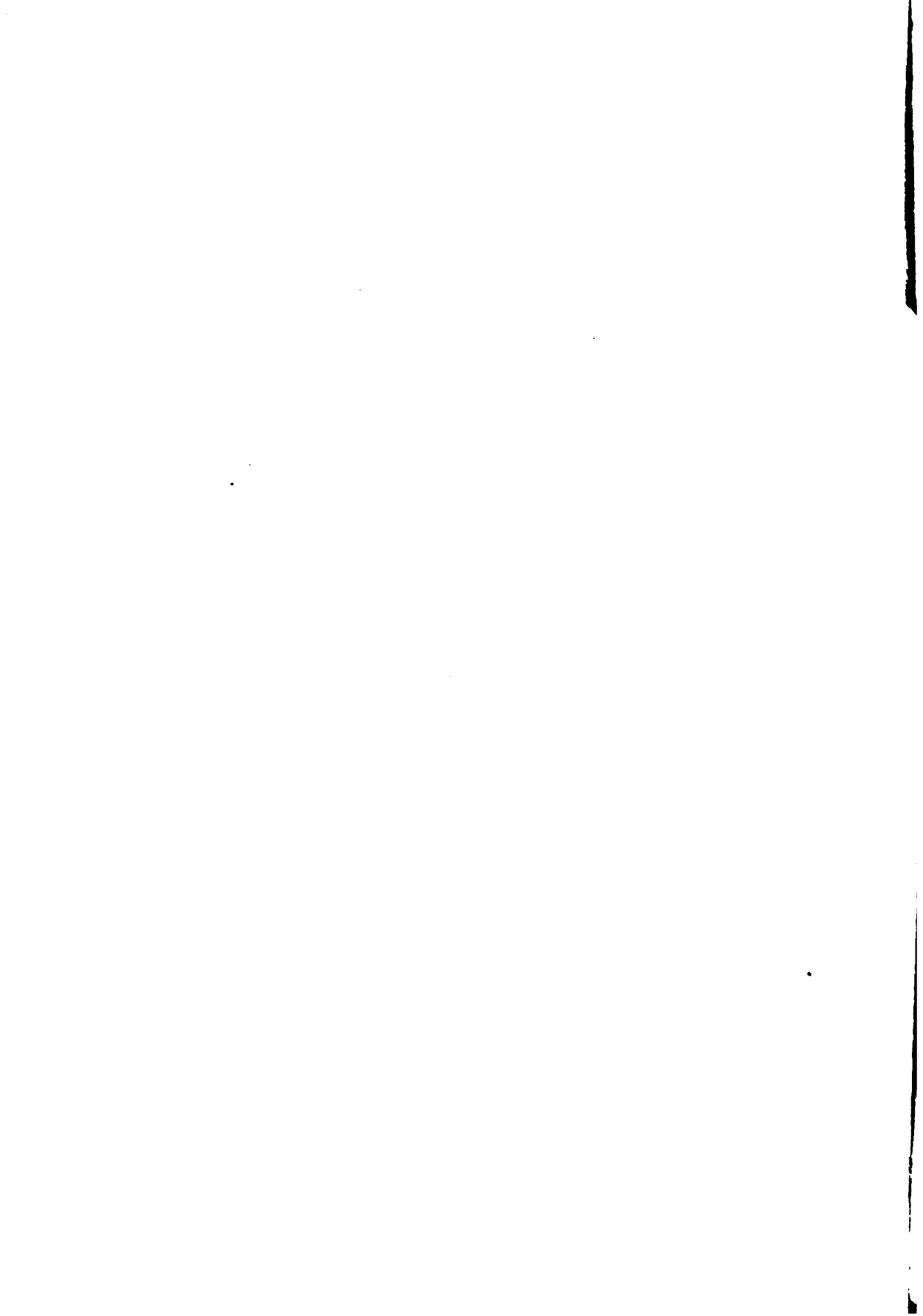
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1894



MEMOIR
OF
FRANCIS PARKMAN, LL.D.

BY
EDWARD WHEELWRIGHT.

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, eldest son of the Rev. Francis (H. C. 1807) and Caroline (Hall) Parkman, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 16 September, 1823.

He was a lineal descendant, both on his father's and on his mother's side, of ancestors resident in the Colonies both of The Massachusetts Bay and of Plymouth prior to their union in 1692, and thus amply fulfilled one of the requisites for admission to The Colonial Society of Massachusetts.¹ His earliest American ancestor in the paternal line, Elias Parkman, was living at Dorchester, Massachusetts, as early as 1633; while a progenitor on his mother's side, John Cotton of Plymouth (as he was called, to distinguish him from his father, John Cotton of Boston), was pastor of the church in that town, to which he removed with his family in November, 1667; and his son Rowland, from whom Parkman was descended, was born in Plymouth in December of the same year.²

Mr. Parkman's descent in the paternal line, through eight generations, is as follows:—

1. THOMAS PARKMAN, of Sidmouth, Devon, England.
2. ELIAS PARKMAN, born in England, settled in Dorchester, Mass., 1633, married BRIDGET —.
3. ELIAS, b. in Dorchester, Mass., 1635, m. SARAH TRASK of Salem.

¹ See By-Laws, chap. ii. art. 1.

² Sibley's *Harvard Graduates*, i. 496 *et seq.*; iii. 323 *et seq.*

4. WILLIAM, b. in Salem, Mass., 1658, m. ELIZA ADAMS of Boston.
5. EBENEZER, b. in Boston, 1703, minister at Westborough, Mass.;
m. (2d) HANNAH BRECK.
6. SAMUEL, b. in Westborough, m. (2d) SARAH ROGERS.
7. FRANCIS, b. in Boston, 1788, m. (2d) CAROLINE HALL.
8. FRANCIS, b. in Boston, 1823.

The following is his descent on the mother's side, through the same number of generations, from John Cotton:—

1. JOHN COTTON, b. in England, 1585, m. (2d) SARAH HANKREDGE of Boston, England, widow of William Story. Came to Boston, 1633.
2. JOHN COTTON, b. in Boston, Mass., 1639, m. JOANNA ROSSITER.
3. ROWLAND COTTON, b. in Plymouth, 1667, m. ELIZABETH SALTONSTALL, widow of Rev. John Denison.
4. JOANNA COTTON, b. in Sandwich, 1719, m. Rev. John BROWN of Haverhill, Mass. (H. C. 1714.)
5. ABIGAIL BROWN, born in —, m. Rev. EDWARD BROOKS of Medford.
6. JOANNA COTTON BROOKS, b. in —, 1772, m. NATHANIEL HALL of Medford.
7. CAROLINE HALL, b. in Medford, 1794, m. Rev. FRANCIS PARKMAN of Boston.
8. FRANCIS PARKMAN, b. in Boston, 1823.

Of Elias Parkman, his first American ancestor, nothing has been learned beyond the fact of his early residence in Dorchester, and that he married and had six children, — four sons and two daughters. Two of the sons, John and Samuel, appear to have gone to Virginia. The two daughters settled in Salem; one, Abigail, as the wife of John Trask; the other, Deliverance, died there unmarried. Elias, the eldest son, married a daughter of Captain William Trask, of Salem, and resided in that town till 1662–63, when he removed with his family to Boston. His death took place at Wapping, London, England, in 1691.

William, eldest son of Elias and Sarah (Trask) Parkman, born in Salem 29 March, 1658, was in 1712 one of the original members, and afterward a ruling elder, of the New North Church in Boston.¹ He married, in 1680, Eliza, daughter of Alexander and Mary Adams, of Boston, and died in Boston, 30 November, 1730. He was buried in the graveyard on Copp's Hill.

¹ DeForest's History of Westborough, p. 65.

Ebenezer, twelfth child of William and Eliza (Adams) Parkman, born in Boston 5 September, 1703, was a man of note. He graduated at Harvard College in 1721, at the age of seventeen, and in 1724, when only twenty-one, was ordained minister of the church at Westborough, Massachusetts, a position which he held for fifty-eight years, relinquishing it only with his life in 1782, in the eightieth year of his age. He is spoken of as a good example of the New-England minister of the olden time. He magnified his calling, and was careful not to lower its dignity, wielding almost despotic power with firmness guided by discretion and tempered with kindness.¹ He was largely concerned in *making* the history of the town, and also in *writing* it. The records of the church were carefully and neatly kept by him on diminutive pages and in a microscopic hand during the whole of his pastorate, and he also kept during the same period a private diary written in the same almost undecipherable characters.² A portion of this diary is preserved in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester; other portions have been distributed among his descendants. Its quaint humor was a never-ceasing delight to his great-grandson the historian.

It would have been a strange sight to modern eyes to see the worthy pastor returning placidly on horseback from Boston, with conscience void of offence, while a negro slave, just purchased of his father, William Parkman, trudged dejectedly behind. A little more than a year after, the slave, whose name was Maro, sickened and died; when his master made this quaintly sad entry in his diary: "Dark as it has been with us, it became much darker about the sun-setting; the sun of Maro's life Sat."³

Many of the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman's sermons have also been preserved, two of them, at least, in print. One of these was the "Convention Sermon," which he was invited to preach before the convention of ministers of the Province of Massachusetts Bay on 28 May, 1761. This invitation was thought a great honor for the Westborough parson, and testifies to the esteem in which he was held by his ministerial brethren. In it he alludes to Wolfe's then recent victory at Quebec, an achievement destined to receive new

¹ DeForest's History of Westborough, p. 187.

² *Ibid.* p. 87.

³ *Ibid.* p. 191, note.

lustre from the pen of his great-grandson one hundred and twenty-three years later.¹

The reverend pastor, or, as he is styled on his tombstone, "the first Bishop of the Church in Westborough,"² also wrote "An Account of Westborough," which has been printed in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, Second Series, Vol. X., p. 84. It is only two pages in length; but in that brief space he falls into error in regard to the origin of the name "Chauncy," first given to the infant settlement, and still retained by a sheet of water within the limits of the town. He had relied too implicitly upon a local tradition,³—a fault which we may be sure his great-grandson would never have committed.

The minister was twice married, and had sixteen children, eight sons and eight daughters, all but three of whom lived to grow up. His third son, William, was the boy of seventeen who at Ticonderoga, in 1758, "carried a musket in a Massachusetts regiment," as related by his great-nephew, and "kept in his knapsack a dingy little note-book in which he jotted down what passed each day."⁴ There is an earlier mention of this youth in his father's diary, where it is recorded that "Mr Solomon Wood, Tything man, complains of [his] rudeness at church."⁵ He was then ten years old. Another son, Breck Parkman, was one of the minute-men who marched from Westborough on 19 April, 1775.⁶

But the son in whom we are most interested was Samuel, the sixth son and twelfth child, who, like many another poor boy, left his native village in early youth, to make his fortune, and made it. He became in fact one of the richest merchants of the New England metropolis, and the share of his ample means which finally descended to his grandson enabled the historian to meet the heavy cost of the researches without which his work would have been impossible. He was a man of fine presence and courtly manners, warm-hearted, hospitable, and generous. Like his father, he was

¹ Montcalm and Wolfe was published in 1884.

² DeForest's History of Westborough, p. 189.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 18, 479.

⁴ Montcalm and Wolfe, ii. 163.

⁵ DeForest's History of Westborough, p. 136.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 163. At page 181 it is said that in December, 1776, "at least two of his (the minister's) sons were in the army."

twice married, but did not quite equal him in the number of his children; he had only eleven.

He was a liberal benefactor of Harvard University, having in 1814 conveyed to the Corporation a township in the District of Maine containing upwards of twenty-three thousand acres, then valued at twenty thousand dollars, to be applied to the support of a theological professor. The land, however, soon declined in value, and when sold the proceeds amounted to scarcely more than a fourth of the sum intended to be given. President Quincy, in his "History of Harvard University," in recording the gift, says of the giver:—

“Through assiduity and talent he rose to eminence and opulence among the merchants of Boston. His manners were simple, and his habits domestic and retired. His virtues sought their chief field for exercise in the domestic circle, where his affections were fixed and reciprocated by a numerous and most attached family. During twenty-three years he held the office of deacon in the New North Church in Boston, and that society was the frequent object of his bounty, as well as of his care. . . . Mr. Parkman, after a life of prosperity and usefulness, died in September, 1824, in the seventy-second year of his age, respected and lamented.”¹

The Rev. Francis Parkman, father of the historian, is well remembered by the older members of our Society. Born in Boston in 1788, he graduated at Harvard in 1807, and received the honorary degree of S. T. D. in 1834. From 1813 to 1849 he was the beloved pastor of the New North Church in Boston,—the same church of which his great-grandfather, William Parkman, was one of the founders in 1712, and of which his father, Samuel Parkman, had been deacon. The church edifice, built in 1804, still stands at the corner of Hanover and Clark Streets, very little altered in external appearance. It has now passed into the possession of the Roman Catholics, by whom it has been named the Church of St. Stephen. Mr. Parkman was from 1819 to 1849 one of the Overseers of Harvard University, to which, in 1840, he made a donation of five thousand dollars as supplementary to his father's gift; and the two united, together with contributions from a few other per-

¹ Quincy's History of Harvard University, ii. 416.

sons, now constitute the endowment of the Parkman Professorship of Theology. He published in 1829 "The Offering of Sympathy," a work which was highly esteemed both in England and in this country. Some occasional sermons from his pen were also printed. He held a prominent place among the Unitarian clergy of his day, was esteemed an eloquent preacher, and was thought to have "a special gift in prayer." His conversation was delightful, abounding in wit and humor. He was a kind and indulgent father, and though he did not sympathize with all his son's aspirations and pursuits, he never thwarted or opposed them.

Of John Cotton of Boston, who heads the list of Francis Parkman's ancestors in the maternal line, it is not necessary to speak.

His son, John Cotton of Plymouth, is not so well known, yet he was in many respects a remarkable man. He had a wonderful facility in acquiring the language of the Indians, and preached to them in their own tongue for two years as an assistant to the elder Mayhew at Martha's Vineyard. He also, at the request of the apostle Eliot, revised and corrected the second and last edition of the Indian Bible.

"He was," says his son Rowland, "a living Index to the Bible. He had a vast and strong memory . . . had a noted faculty in sermonizing and making speeches in public. . . . He was . . . a tender parent, a hearty friend, helpful to the needy, kind to strangers," and moreover, "was a man of universal acquaintance and correspondence, so that he had and wrote (perhaps) twice as many letters as any man in the country."

He graduated at Harvard College in 1657, and died at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1699, of yellow fever.¹

His son, Rowland Cotton, was also a graduate of Harvard (1685). At the age of twenty-five he was chosen to the pastoral office in Sandwich, Massachusetts, and retained the position until his death, a period of more than seventy years. "He had a good faculty in making and delivering his sermons, so that he was a celebrated and admired preacher, . . . yet would never suffer any of his works to come out in print. . . . He had and wrote, as his father before him, a multitude of letters." Like his father, also,

¹ Sibley's Harvard Graduates, i. 496-507.

he was well versed in the Indian language, and preached to the natives once a month.¹ His wife was the only daughter of Nathaniel Saltonstall (H. C. 1659), and great-granddaughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall. Thus, through her, our historian was descended from still another of the historic families of New England, whose lineal representative in the eighth generation we count among our members.²

Mention should be made of another of Mr. Parkman's maternal ancestors, his great-grandfather, the Rev. Edward Brooks, of Medford, where he was born in 1733. He graduated at Harvard in 1757, and a few years later was called to the church at North Yarmouth, Maine, where, however, he remained only five years, having been dismissed on account of his too liberal views. Returning to his native town in 1769, he was residing there at the outbreak of the Revolution. "On the 19th of April, 1775," as related by his son, Peter Chardon Brooks, "he went over to Lexington, on horseback, with his gun on his shoulder and in his full-bottomed wig." His chief exploit on that eventful day appears to have been saving the life of a wounded British officer. In April, 1777, he was appointed chaplain of the frigate "Hancock," and that vessel being soon after captured by a British fleet, he was carried as a prisoner to Halifax. While detained there on parole he took the small-pox, from which he recovered, and on being released returned to Medford; but his health was shattered, and he died in 1781, at the age of forty-eight.³

BOYHOOD.

Francis Parkman, the historian, was born in what was then called Somerset Place. It is now Allston Street, and runs east and west from Bowdoin Street to Somerset Street, across the northern slope of Beacon Hill. The house, which is still standing,

¹ It is possible that Francis Parkman may have partly inherited from these Puritan ancestors the strong interest he felt in the Indians. It does not appear, however, that he ever learned their language, and it may be regarded as certain that he never preached to them.

² Sibley's *Harvard Graduates*, iii. 323-326.

³ *History of Medford*, by Charles Brooks, revised and enlarged by J. M. Usher, 1886.

though much altered, is No. 4 A. It is now let in apartments, and is called "The Lyndhurst."

About 1829 or 1830, or when Francis was six or seven years old, the family removed to No. 1 Green Street, a large house known as the Gore house, having been previously the residence of Mr. Samuel Gore. It is related that the future historian, anxious to be of use in the important business of moving, and, with characteristic independence unwilling to allow others to do for him what he felt fully able to do for himself, insisted upon transporting a portion of his personal effects from the old residence to the new upon his *sled*, though, as the month was April, there was no snow upon the ground. Fortunately, the passage of the loaded sled over the bare pavement was facilitated by the fact that the whole distance traversed was down-hill.

It was soon after this that the boy, then eight years old, went to live at Medford with his maternal grandfather, Nathaniel Hall, who, having then retired from business, was carrying on a farm about a mile distant from the centre of the town. Here young Parkman attended, as a day-scholar, the boarding-school for boys and girls kept by Mr. John Angier (H. C. 1821), which for twenty years had a high reputation, and counted among its hundreds of pupils more than one who attained high distinction in after life.¹

But there was a better school than Mr. Angier's in the immediate vicinity, — one, at least, which young Parkman liked better, and in which he proved himself an apt pupil. This was the rocky and hilly region lying mostly in Medford and its next neighbor on the north, Stoneham, now known as the Middlesex Fells. It is a tract of some four thousand acres, or six or seven square miles, in extent, which the early settlers had vainly endeavored to convert into farms. They hewed down the primeval forest; but the uneven, rocky surface and scanty soil proved rebellious to the plough, and the only traces now remaining of their attempted occupancy are apple-trees grown wild and stone walls tumbling to ruin. For at least a hundred years it has been practically "abandoned" land, and since the introduction of coal as fuel, is no longer utilized even for wood lots. The frequency of forest fires has prevented the natural renewal of the gigantic growths which once clothed its

¹ Brooks's History of Medford (1886), p. 300.

hill-tops, but it has even in its present denuded condition many features of rare loveliness.¹

Here young Parkman delighted to spend his leisure hours, learned to trap the squirrel and the woodchuck, and began that intimate acquaintance with Nature in her ruder aspects which was to stand him in such good stead in writing his histories. Here began or was developed that love of the wild wood and of all things that live or grow in it which in his life as well as in his books was one of his strongest characteristics. Years afterward, when visiting a friend residing in the country, the thing he found most to admire in the house, that which interested him most, was a rug made of the skins of three raccoons that had been trapped on the premises. He seemed never to tire of contemplating the three tails of the wild creatures as they lay side by side on the floor, reconstructing in his mind, no doubt, their agile former owners, and following them in imagination to their secret haunts among the rocks and trees, or accompanying them on predatory excursions to neighboring hen-yards.

In the Fells he found "books in the running brooks" that he studied with more zeal than those given him to con at Mr. Angier's school, and in its stones, if not "sermons," something that interested him more than sermons would probably have done. It was here that he began the collection of minerals, to hold which his father had a cabinet made for him, which he preserved through life, and which to the day of his death stood in his house at Jamaica Plain, ready to receive any choice rarity that might turn up.

This aptitude to receive the teachings of Nature was his only resemblance to the fantastic philosopher of the Forest of Arden. There was nothing "melancholy" in his composition, either as a boy or at any time.

While thus living with his grandfather at Medford, Parkman was accustomed to pass every Sunday with his parents in Boston, — his father driving out for him on Saturday, and bringing him home in his chaise. By his own confession, this temporary change to a city life was not altogether to his taste. So soon as the horse's hoofs began to clatter on the city pavement, he would affect to

¹ Brooks's History of Medford (1886), p. 509.

look about him with the dazed and bewildered air proper to a rustic youth on his first visit to the metropolis. He wished to be taken for a country boy, unfamiliar with city sights and sounds.

After four or five years, this free country life came to an end, and young Parkman, then about twelve years old, returned to reside continuously with his parents in Green Street, becoming once more, as he had been born, a Boston boy. In the rear of the Green Street residence was a barn which had never been used. In the loft of this barn, Parkman, with several of his cousins and other boys, established a theatre, painted their own scenery, and for the most part made their own dresses, though the more elaborate costumes were sometimes borrowed from the good-natured Mr. Pelby, manager of the National Theatre. The performances took place on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and were continued for one or two years. A play-bill, printed by F. Minot, who was one of the company, has been preserved. Its date is May 7, 1836, and the performance is announced to be for the "Benefit of Mr. F. Parkman." Two plays were to be given: in the first, "Bombastes Furioso," the part of Distafina was assigned to the beneficiary; the second was "King's Bridge Cottage," the action of which was supposed to take place during the Revolutionary War. In this the principal character, as indicated by capital letters, appears to have been VALMORE, and was to be played by F. PARKMAN, whose name is also printed in capitals. His Distafina is said to have been charming.

Not long after the date of this play-bill the family moved into the stately mansion built by Samuel Parkman, the historian's grandfather, for his own residence. It was occupied by him until his death, in 1824, and afterward by his widow, who died in 1835.

This mansion, which was numbered 5 on Bowdoin Square, stood at the western corner of Chardon Street, and marked the junction of the square with Green Street. It was an excellent specimen of the Colonial residences once so common in and around Boston, which the architects of to-day employ their best efforts to reproduce. It was a large square house, three stories in height, and built of brick, though the front was sheathed with wood, divided into panels imitating courses of stone with bevelled edges. Within was a fine entrance hall, and a noble staircase with spiral balusters. When the house was demolished, the historian caused

these balusters to be carefully removed and placed on the stairs of the house which he built for himself at Jamaica Plain. They are the sole relics of his grandfather's house that have been preserved. There was a "front yard" enclosed by a light and simple iron fence with tall square pillars at the corners. In the rear was a large, paved court-yard, and beyond that, where the land sloped rapidly to the north, was a garden, divided into terraces, one below the other, and devoted to the cultivation of fruits rather than of flowers. The flavor of a certain choice variety of Bergamot pear which grew there still lingers in the memory of those who were ever so fortunate as to taste it.

The house ceased to be the residence of the family in 1854. It was then leased to the National government, and was until 1859 the United States Court House. From this time it fell rapidly in the social scale, and after having been used for a few years for purposes little befitting its ancient dignity, was finally taken down. All the space once occupied by the house and its dependencies has long been crowded with unsightly buildings, and at the corner where the home of the Parkmans stood in the dignified retirement of its "front yard," a tall brick structure, thrust forward to the sidewalk, is in part occupied by the Salvation Army as one of its barracks.

It was about the year 1837, soon after his parents had moved into the Bowdoin Square mansion, that Parkman, then about thirteen or fourteen, became a pupil in the school kept in Chauncy Place by Mr. Gideon Thayer. Mr. Thomas Cushing (H. C. 1834) was then a teacher in the school, of which he was afterward, for many years, the principal. He is still, at the age of seventy-nine, in the enjoyment of a green old age, and writes (19 December, 1893) as follows of the new boy who came under his instruction nearly threescore years ago: —

"He was a quiet, gentle, and docile boy, who seemed to appreciate the fact that school meant an opportunity for improvement, and always gave an open and willing mind to instruction. He became, according to the ideas of the day, a good Latin and Greek scholar, and excelled in the rhetorical department. I think he early set his face in the direction of a literary life of some sort, though the idea of *historical* work was probably developed somewhat later. As a means to any sort of literary work, he no doubt saw the advantage and necessity of forming a good

English style and acquiring correctness in the use of language, and took great pains with all exercises tending to bring about this result. His compositions were especially good, and he used sometimes, as a voluntary exercise, to versify descriptions of heroic achievements that occurred in his reading. I remember that he put into verse the whole description of the Tournament in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and then used it afterward in declamation, and it was so much liked that other boys used it for the same purpose. I think he might have excelled in narrative and descriptive poetry (the poetry of action) had he not early imbibed the historical idea. He often expressed to me in after life the great advantage that he received from the instruction of one of the teachers at that time connected with Chauncy Hall School in everything pertaining to the use of English and the formation of style, which he followed up at Harvard with diligent use of his opportunities with that excellent instructor, Professor Edward T. Channing."

Of the teacher above referred to by Mr. Cushing, Parkman himself wrote as follows in reply to the editor of an English publication, who had asked him for some account of the method pursued by him in acquiring the art of writing:—

"When fourteen or fifteen years old I had the good luck to be under the direction of Mr. William Russell, a teacher of excellent literary tastes and acquirements. It was his constant care to teach the boys of his class to write good and easy English. One of his methods was to give us lists of words to which we were required to furnish as many synonyms as possible, distinguishing their various shades of meaning. He also encouraged us to write translations, in prose and verse, from Virgil and Homer, insisting on idiomatic English, and criticising in his gentle way anything flowery and bombastic. At this time I read a good deal of poetry, and much of it remains *verbatim* in my memory. As it included Milton and other classics, I am confident that it has been of service to me in the matter of style. Later on, when in college and after leaving it, I read English prose classics for the express purpose of improving myself in the language. These I take to be the chief sources of such success as I have had in this particular."¹

¹ *The Art of Authorship*, personally contributed by leading authors of the day. Compiled and edited by George Bainton. London, James Clark & Co., 1890.

With a memory so stored, it is a little remarkable that Parkman quoted so little poetry in his writings. Rarely, if ever, is a single line of verse to be found in his books, unless it be some doggerel rhymes dating from the period of which he happens to be writing, and illustrative of contemporaneous views of the events narrated.

The first edition of "The California and Oregon Trail" is an exception to this rule. Each chapter is headed by a poetical quotation, while a few more are scattered through the pages. By far the greater number of these mottoes and quotations are from Byron; there are several from Shakespeare, Scott, and Bryant, while there is only one each from Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith, and Shelley. There is nothing from Coleridge nor from Wordsworth. All these poetical headings of chapters and most of the other quotations are suppressed in the last, illustrated, edition.

In his novel, "Vassall Morton," also, each of the seventy-four chapters is headed by a poetical quotation, sometimes by two or three. Of these, by far the greater number (thirty-two) are from Shakespeare. Dryden and Byron are represented each by six quotations only, Molière by five, Scott and Corneille by four each, and Pope by three; while there are a multitude of single quotations, mostly from the older poets, as Montrose, Carëw, the Percy Reliques, Spenser, Suckling, etc.

It would be obviously improper to deduce from the frequency or infrequency with which authors are quoted an opinion as to the relative rank of each in Parkman's estimation. The choice would depend quite as much on the aptness of the quotation as on its value as poetry. But the inquiry is interesting as showing the range of his reading; though it should be borne in mind that at the time these two books were published (1847 and 1856) some of the favorite poets of to-day were scarcely, or not at all, known. It is possible that in the interval of nine years between the publication of "The Oregon Trail" and of the novel, Parkman's admiration of Byron may have somewhat diminished. At the earlier period it was certainly enthusiastic. In the last paragraph of the nineteenth chapter of the former work, as it now stands, he speaks of himself as —

"fairly revelling in the creations of that resplendent genius, which has achieved no more signal triumph than that of half beguiling us to forget the unmanly character of its possessor."

Nor was Parkman in the habit of quoting poetry in conversation. If he ever did so the quotation was apt to be, not from the great masters of diction, but from some of those minor bards whose effusions, published in the yearly numbers of the "Farmers' Almanack," were eagerly devoured by him as a boy at his grandfather's farm. To the end of his life an ink-bottle always recalled to his memory the pathetic fate of Peter Schminck, as recorded in the pages edited by the immortal Robert B. Thomas.

Of the greater poets he made one singular and characteristic use. In the sleepless nights to which for so great a part of his life he was condemned by illness, he would beguile the weary hours, and essay to "stop thinking," by composing in his mind quaint and comical parodies, or new and absurd endings, to well-known poems. These he would sometimes repeat the next morning. Of course they were never written out; they had served their purpose, and are only to be remembered as yet another instance of the potency of a sense of humor in alleviating physical suffering or mental anguish, and helping our poor mortality to "put a *cheerful* courage on" in the face of dire calamity.

It was while a pupil at Chauncy Hall School, and especially in the two or three years preceding his going to college, that Parkman engaged with characteristic ardor in the pursuit of experimental chemistry, of which he speaks in the autobiographical fragment read before the Massachusetts Historical Society. These experiments were carried on in a laboratory which his father caused to be fitted up for him in a shed in the rear of the house then occupied by the family. As he was at the same time an active member of the "Star Theatre" Company, and was also writing voluntary exercises in poetical composition to be afterward declaimed at school, he cannot have given up the whole of his time to this favorite and health-destroying hobby. Indeed it may be doubted whether these chemical experiences had any appreciable influence in producing the state of ill-health from which he afterward suffered. They may, however, have been in some measure responsible for the too vehement reaction toward athletic pursuits by which they were soon followed.

COLLEGE.

Parkman entered Harvard College in 1840, joining the class of 1844 in its Freshman year. At that time the classes on entering were separated into three "Divisions," first, second, and third, according to the relative standing of each student in Latin and Greek. The First Division was the lowest in rank, and the Third the highest. A good deal of importance was attached by the students to these Divisions, as indications of rank in scholarship. Parkman on entering was assigned to the Second Division, but was subsequently promoted to the Third.

In the Freshman year he "chummed" with his classmate, Benjamin Apthorp Gould, in No. 9 Holworthy Hall. At the public dinner given to Dr. Gould in Boston, on his return from South America, 6 May, 1885, Parkman was present, and being called upon for a speech, gave a humorous account of this "chumship," which, "though its beginnings," he said "were a little breezy, was the foundation and beginning of a life-long friendship." "The average scholarship of the two chums," he claimed, "was exceedingly creditable;" Gould by his superior attainments in mathematics making up for his own deficiencies in that department of study. In recounting his failure at the final examination before Professor Peirce and a committee, he assigned as the cause of his discomfiture the fact that he had not opened his algebra for six months, having devoted to rifle-shooting the time which he was expected to devote to mathematics.¹

This neglect of a study for which he had no predilection was very characteristic. "Whatever he liked," says a relative, who was also a classmate,² "he would take hold of with the utmost energy; what he did not like, he would not touch."

His scholarship did not need to be averaged with that of any one else in order to entitle him to one of those testimonials provided by the will of Governor Edward Hopkins to be given to deserving students "*pro insigni in studiis diligentia.*" He received one of these "*Deturs,*" as they are called, at the usual distribution in the first term of the Sophomore year (23 November, 1841).

¹ Boston Daily Advertiser, 7 May, 1885.

² George Francis Parkman.

When, in the Sophomore year, the class came under the instruction of Professor Channing, and began to write exercises in English composition, it was soon reported among his classmates that Parkman 2d¹ was taking high rank in that department, and was getting excellent marks for his themes; so that, when in the second term of the Sophomore year the first assignment of "parts" was made to the Class of 1844, no surprise was felt that the name of Francis Parkman was in the list of the "First Eight." His part in this first exhibition (13 July, 1842) was an English version, "Speech of an Insurgent Plebeian," from Machiavelli's "History of Florence," — a subject which was probably much to his taste. He spoke a year later at the exhibition of July 12, 1843, at which he was assigned a Dissertation, the subject being, "Is a man in advance of his age fitted for his age?"

His "chumship" with Gould was dissolved by mutual consent at the end of their first year of college life. In the Sophomore year he roomed, as appears by the College Catalogue, at the house of Mrs. Ayer, at the corner of Garden Street and the Appian Way. In the Junior year he occupied No. 24 Massachusetts Hall, and in the Senior year, No. 21 in the same building, in both without a companion. Though rather fond of calling upon his classmates, with whom he was always popular, he rarely asked them to visit him in return. One reason probably was that he was very little in his own room except at night, for the purpose of sleeping. His constant craving for bodily exercise kept him out of doors or at the gymnasium the greater part of the day. Moreover, as is now known, he had already begun to read such books as he thought suited to help him toward the attainment of his great object, already well outlined in his mind. He did not care to have these secret studies interrupted by chance callers, who might also discover in his room some traces of the "lucubrations" which, he says, he pursued at this time "with a pernicious intensity, keeping his plans and purposes to himself while passing among his companions as an outspoken fellow."²

His boarding-place during the greater part of his College course was at Mrs. Schutte's, a lady who kept an excellent table at what

¹ He was always Parkman 2d, his cousin, George Francis Parkman, being Parkman 1st.

² Tributes of the Massachusetts Historical Society, p. 6.

was thought a very moderate price even in those days. The company was numerous, comprising representatives of all the classes. Much lively and interesting talk went on there, at and after meals, and not a little good-natured chaffing. Almost all the guests had some sobriquet conferred upon them, more or less indicative of their characters, or of some peculiarity of appearance or manner. Some of these, from their happy appropriateness, soon spread beyond the coterie where they originated, and have even clung to their recipients through life. Such was not the case with that bestowed upon Parkman. From being oftener an amused listener to the conversation than an active participant in it, he was called, *lucus a non lucendo*, "The Loquacious," a title so absurdly inappropriate that his College friends to-day recall it with difficulty. Far from being the unsocial character this ironical nickname would imply, Parkman keenly enjoyed the society of his fellow-students. Never boisterous in his mirth, he was by no means averse to taking part in merrymakings and festivities. He was catholic in his likings, and had already begun to develop that keen insight into character which is one of the striking features of his historical writings. He could penetrate within the outer covering of mannerisms and affectations, and see the man himself. He enjoyed with equal zest the wild exuberance of William Morris Hunt, and the placid philosophy of George Blankern Cary. He took a lively interest in all that went on in College, and was always ready to do his share in protesting against abuses and redressing wrongs. An instance of this is recorded in the contemporary journal of a classmate. At one time, in the Sophomore year, the Latin Professor, Dr. Beck, adopted the arbitrary and novel practice of calling the roll in his recitation-room at precisely the hour, instead of five minutes after, as had been the immemorial custom, and also of marking as absent all who simply came late. Parkman thereupon drew up a memorial, remonstrating against the innovation, obtained the signatures of the principal members of the class, and sent it to the Faculty. The remonstrance had the desired effect, though President Quincy, with his accustomed tact, declined to lay the matter before the Faculty, but communicated it privately to the Professor.

At the end of the Freshman year Parkman became a member of the "Institute of 1770," then a purely literary and debating society.

At each fortnightly meeting two lecturers and four debaters were appointed for the meeting next ensuing. The lecturers were free to choose their own topic; the debaters had a question given them to discuss, two in the affirmative and two in the negative. When it became Parkman's turn to lecture, he entertained the Society, according to the report of the Secretary, with "a witty production, having for its subject 'The Puritans,' wherein he gave us in a very original and humorous style the front, flank, and rear of their offending." The question for discussion on the evening when he was one of the "regular debaters" was, "Does attendance on theatrical exhibitions have a bad effect on the mind and morals?" and he with another was appointed to maintain the affirmative, which he accordingly did, in opening the debate. "Then," as the Secretary reports, "'changing sides, as a lawyer knows how,' he supported the contrary opinion." The question was decided in the affirmative, ten to eight. He often, also, took part in the "general debate," when the subject was one that interested him. He spoke voluntarily on the question, "Whether the Republic of the United States is likely to continue." It does not clearly appear from the Secretary's report on which side he argued upon this occasion, but it is satisfactory to note that the question was decided in the affirmative.

Other college societies of which he was a member were the Hasty Pudding Club, of which he was successively Vice-President and President, and the Harvard Natural History Society, of which he was Corresponding and Recording Secretary, and Curator of Mineralogy. He was also a member of the mysterious and short-lived *P. T. A.*, in which the cognomen given him, according to the custom in that body, was "The Dominic." He was also chosen orator of this society. He was, besides, one of that informal club, of which he gave so delightful an account in the memoir of its founder and governing spirit, his classmate George B. Cary, which he wrote for the latter's mother soon after Cary's death in 1846.

"A sort of society was formed," he says, "entitled by its members the C. C., but popularly, though most unjustly, known in the class as the Lemonade Club. It was not strictly a club, however, as it had no laws, no organization, and no stated times of meeting. The members were Cary, Clarke, Hale, F. Parkman, Perry, Snow, Treadwell, and

afterward, Dwight. The meetings usually took place once a fortnight, when the members read such compositions of their own as they had felt the inclination to prepare, and the evening's entertainment concluded with a supper, which at first was anything but sumptuous, though in this respect a considerable change afterward took place."

Another member, the late Horatio J. Perry, for many years Secretary of Legation at Madrid, in the Reminiscences which to the great regret of his friends he left unfinished, also speaks of the C. C., and for the first time divulges the meaning of those mystic letters. They stood for the harmless word Chit-Chat. The secret had been well kept for fifty years. Of Parkman's participation in its voluntary exercises, Perry says he —

"even then showed symptoms of 'Injuns on the brain.' His tales of border life, his wampum, scalps, and birch-bark were unsurpassed by anything in Cooper."

No doubt Parkman, like his friend Perry, was an enthusiastic reader of Cooper's Indian tales, then at the height of their popularity. But it was no boyish freak which made him seem to have set up their dusky heroes as models for imitation. He was already training himself for expeditions into the wilderness, and preparing to make an exhaustive study of the Aborigines by living among them in their native haunts. As a part of this preparation he was in the habit, while in College, of taking long walks, going always at so rapid a pace that it was difficult to keep up with him. This manner of walking became habitual to him, and he retained it to the last. Long years afterward, when crippled by disease and needing two canes to support his steps, he might often be seen in the streets of Boston, walking rapidly for a short distance, then suddenly stopping, wheeling round, and propping himself against the wall of a house, to give a moment's repose to his enfeebled knee. Whatever he did, he must do it with all his might. He could not saunter, he could not creep; he must move rapidly, or stand still.

His most frequent companion in these college walks was his classmate and life-long friend, Daniel Denison Slade, who shared his enthusiasm for the woods and the Indians, earning thereby the sobriquet of "The Chieftain," and whose length of limb admirably fitted him for pedestrianism. Slade, with praiseworthy diligence,

through the whole College course, almost from the beginning, kept a diary, selected extracts from which he has frequently read at Class meetings, greatly to the entertainment of his audience. In this diary he sometimes records, all too briefly, the mere fact that on such a day he walked with Parkman, or rowed with him on Fresh Pond; at other times he mentions, with more or less fulness, the places visited, and incidents that occurred by the way. In the summer vacations these walks gave place to long excursions or journeys. The first of these recorded took place at the end of the Freshman year, in the months of July and August, 1841. Of this, Slade wrote an account, in a separate booklet, with more amplitude than he was accustomed to use in his diary. It was, however, left unfinished, coming to an abrupt end on the twelfth day of the trip. Parkman himself also kept a diary of this journey.

Starting from Boston on the morning of 19 July, 1841, the pair proceeded by the Eastern Railroad to Portsmouth, N. H., which was as far as a railroad could take them in those early days, and thence made their way, by stage, by wagon, or on foot, through the White Mountains to the Notch, where Parkman had an adventure which came near costing him his life.

Stimulated merely by curiosity and the ambition to succeed where others had failed, he ascended the ravine excavated by the avalanche which had caused the famous catastrophe of the Willey House, surmounting precipices which had been pronounced impracticable, and at last finding himself in a position where it seemed equally impossible to go higher or to come down. He details at some length, in his journal, the means he took to extricate himself from this perilous situation. They are somewhat difficult to understand by one not familiar with the spot; but it is evident that had he not, even then, at the age of seventeen, possessed a rare degree of nerve, coolness, and courage, he could never have accomplished the feat, and that a violent and frightful death would have cut short his career. The qualities displayed in this boyish and foolhardy adventure go far to explain his triumphs over obstacles of every kind in after life.¹

¹ In the Knickerbocker Magazine for April, 1845, was published a "Sketch," entitled the "Scalp-Hunter," in which the final scene takes place in the identical locality of Parkman's adventure. Though it is unsigned, there is strong internal evidence that Parkman was the author.

After making the ascent of Mt. Washington and visiting Franconia, which Parkman incidentally says he had already seen three years before, the travellers proceeded by stage to Colebrook, N. H., on the Connecticut River, and thence on foot in an easterly direction, through the recently discovered Dixville Notch, and across the State of New Hampshire to the mouth of the Magalloway River, where it empties into Lake Umbagog. Here they engaged a guide, for they were now in a wilderness untrodden save by the foot of the hunter; and by boat and "portage," toilsome marches through dense woods, fording streams and plunging through swamps and "guzzles," camping in the open air, and subsisting chiefly on the superb trout for which the Magalloway is famous, and such game as Parkman could shoot with the "heavy gun" he carried, they arrived, on the seventeenth day after leaving home, at the junction of the Little Magalloway with the Magalloway proper. This was about thirty miles above the place where they had first struck the main river, and was the northern limit of their journey. Here, their supply of bread being nearly exhausted, and having no blankets, they decided to give up a half-formed project of pushing on to Canada, and to return home. This they did, reaching Boston on the 13th of August, after an absence of nearly a month. "And a joyous month it has been," says Parkman, in concluding his record of it, "though somewhat toilsome. May I soon pass another as pleasantly." Previously, on first turning his footsteps homeward, he had said: "I regard this journey but as the beginning of greater things, and as merely prefatory to longer wanderings."

During the winter vacation of the Sophomore year, Slade records a walk with Parkman "down Long Wharf and about Fort Hill," in Boston, and longer excursions to Roxbury and Dorchester, and, on another occasion, "over Prospect Hill, and in the direction of Medford."

In the second term of the Sophomore year (7 May, 1842), on a Saturday, which was then always a half-holiday, the two friends walked together from Cambridge, Parkman carrying a gun and a pistol, "to Medford and the woods back of the town," dined at Spot Pond on crackers, and practised shooting at small birds and "one poor chip-squirrel," which Parkman's bullet, striking on its nose, traversed from end to end.

In the vacation at the end of the Sophomore year (July and

August, 1842) Parkman made another excursion to the Magalloway with a different companion, Mr. Henry Orne White, of the Class of 1843, also an ardent lover of the woods, with a special fondness for trout fishing. Parkman took with him his favorite rifle "Satan," well remembered by his classmates, for which he had an affection such as is usually bestowed only on living creatures. On this journey, also, he kept a journal, which has been preserved.

The two travellers made their approach to the river which was their ultimate destination by way of Albany, Lake George, — where they remained a week, thoroughly exploring the lake in an open boat, — Ticonderoga, and by Lake Champlain, to Burlington, Vt., whence they proceeded on foot and by stage to Stanstead, in Canada. Then turning again southward, they went, partly on foot and partly by wagon, to the lakes of the Connecticut, and there, hiring a guide, plunged through the wilderness till they struck the Little Magalloway, which they descended to its junction with the main stream, at the point where Parkman and Slade had made their northernmost camp on the journey of the previous year. Their descent of the main stream, whose length Parkman now traversed for the third time, was marked by a succession of serio-comic adventures, which he has graphically and humorously described in an article contributed by him to Harper's Magazine, November, 1864, entitled "Exploring the Magalloway." In it the route followed and the main incidents are precisely the same as in the journal, but the name of his fellow-traveller, as well as that of the guide, is changed; and while the real guide, whose name was Abbot, resembles the Gookin of the Magazine in some particulars, he differs diametrically from him in others.

On leaving the Magalloway, the travellers returned home by the now familiar route through the Dixville Notch, Colebrook, Littleton, etc., the trip having occupied, as that of the previous year, about a month.¹

¹ It was on this journey that Parkman saw the remains of Fort William Henry, as he describes them in "Montcalm and Wolfe," i. 492, and as mentioned on page 493, note 2. It was perhaps also this journey that he refers to in a note on page 258 of volume ii. of "Montcalm and Wolfe," where he says: "I once, when a college student, followed on foot the route of Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut."

In the journals of both excursions Parkman shows that he took a lively interest in the people he met, whether fellow-travellers or residents. His keen appreciation of character, the vein of humor which runs through all the narrative, and the entire absence of the grandiloquence or fine writing which one might expect from a Sophomore, make them extremely pleasant reading. His style was already admirable.

In the winter vacation of the Junior year, in February, 1843, Slade records in his diary that Parkman and he made a visit to their classmates, Hale and Perry, at Keene, N. H. It was doubtless with recollections of this visit, and of others, in his mind that, in the last published volume of his histories, Parkman speaks of Keene as "a town noted in rural New England for kindly hospitality, culture without pretence, and good-breeding without conventionality."¹ His two classmates were not the only acquaintances he had in this delightful New Hampshire town. Two years before, while with Slade in the White Mountains, he had fallen in with a lively party of travellers from this place, and one young lady in particular had charmed him by the "laughing philosophy" with which she had taken "a ducking" in his company while passing through the Notch in the stage and in a pouring rain. Still more was he pleased by the "strength and spirit and good-humor" she had shown in the ascent of Mount Washington. With this lady, who afterward married a distinguished citizen of her native State, Parkman kept up a life-long friendship.

In the summer vacation at the end of the Junior year, July and August, 1843, Parkman probably made another excursion into the woods, but no record of it has been preserved. Perhaps it was at this time that he followed on foot the route of the ranger Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut.

It was in Parkman's Junior year that a gymnasium was first provided by the Faculty for the use of the students. It was in a wooden building of no great size, and was under the superintendence of Mr. T. Belcher Kay, a pugilist and popular teacher of the art of self-defence, but who knew little or nothing of scientific training as now understood. It was provided with such apparatus as was then common, and the young men, with virtually no

¹ A Half Century of Conflict, ii. 230. See also Mr. George S. Hale's address at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 21 November, 1893.

one to direct or guide them, were allowed to make such use as they pleased of parallel bars, lifting machines, and other appliances. Parkman naturally availed himself with eagerness of this opportunity of increasing his muscular development, now become his favorite hobby. He was a constant attendant at the gymnasium, took boxing-lessons, and emulated the foremost in trials of strength and endurance. The strain was too great for a constitution not naturally robust, and in the first term of his Senior year he was obliged to suspend for a time his college studies, and seek relaxation and relief in an ocean voyage. On Thanksgiving Day, November, 1843, he embarked for Europe in a sailing vessel, "The Nautilus," in which he had a very stormy and uncomfortable passage. He visited Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, France, England, and Scotland, travelled among the Apennines with his classmate, William M. Hunt, met at Naples the Rev. Theodore Parker, and at Rome spent a few days "in retreat" at a convent of Passionist Fathers. This inside view of the Roman Catholic priesthood and of the workings of the clerical machinery were to help him to portray some of the chief actors in his projected histories. He wrote an account of this adventure, which was published in August, 1890, in Harper's Magazine, under the title "A Convent in Rome."

He returned, by steamer, from this first visit to Europe, after an absence of seven months, and was back at Cambridge 20 June, 1844, in time to take part in the closing exercises of the year, Class Day, 11 July, and the Senior's farewell supper at "Porter's" the same evening.

In the latter part of the Senior year, the Class Secretary, as was then the custom, provided a large book in which each member of the class was invited to inscribe his name and date of birth, together with such details of his personal history as he chose to communicate, six pages being allotted to each for that purpose. Very few did more than to write their names, with date and place of birth. Parkman's entry was as follows, and may be thought characteristic. It is written in a large, bold hand: —

FRANK PARKMAN,
Born in Boston, Mass.
Sept. 16th 1823.

Died _____

Married

The word "Married" appears to have been an afterthought, and to have been written with another pen.

The usual six weeks' vacation still intervened between the virtual end of the College year and the Commencement of the graduating class. This interval Parkman utilized in making another of the summer excursions now become habitual. On the seventh of August, his classmate Slade, who was spending the summer on a farm near Greenfield, Massachusetts, was surprised by a visit from him. He had been, he said, on a foot expedition among the mountains in the western part of Massachusetts, searching out the trails of the French and Indians as they came down from Canada in the early raids upon the frontier settlements.

He returned from this excursion in time to receive his degree of A. B. "in course," and to speak his part in the Commencement exercises on 28 August, 1844. His part at Commencement was a Disquisition, while at the July Exhibition of the previous year he had been assigned a Dissertation. The Disquisition standing lower in the scale of academical honors than the Dissertation, this was supposed to indicate a corresponding loss of rank, which might have been caused in part by too much devotion to rifle-shooting, but was doubtless chiefly owing to illness and the enforced absence from Cambridge which it occasioned. The subject of his Commencement part, "Romance in America," was one that must have suited him. The word "*History*," printed in Italics, below his name in the "Order of Exercises," indicated, according to the custom of the day, that he had attained "high distinction" in that department; while the word "Rhetoric," similarly placed, but in Roman characters, showed that in that branch of study he had done all that was required, but no more. There was prophecy in this distinction. Though no longer among the first eight, he was, at all events, among the first twenty of the class in rank, and was made, accordingly, a member of the $\Phi B K$.

THE LAW SCHOOL.

Two days after graduating at Harvard College — namely, 30 August, 1844 — Parkman entered his name as a student in the school of Law attached to the University, and then known as the

“Dane Law School.” He did this partly to please his father, and partly because he thought some knowledge of legal principles would not be amiss in making his historical researches, and that the mental training involved would be a decided advantage. Neither then nor at any time did he propose to adopt the legal profession as a career.

During the first year of his membership he roomed at No. 7 Divinity Hall, Cambridge, where he is reported to have injured his health, and especially his sight, by rising very early and studying by candle-light, and often without a fire. It may be surmised that these matutinal studies were not exclusively confined to his legal text-books. Indeed it is now known that he had at that time entered earnestly upon a course of general history, and another of Indian history and ethnology, and was also diligently studying the models of English style.

In the succeeding year his residence is given in the University catalogue as “Boston,” and during a part of the time at least his state of health was such that he was obliged to have his law books read to him as he lay in bed in his father’s house.

On 16 January, 1846, the third term of his apprenticeship to the Law came to an end. He had done all that was required, according to the existing regulations, to entitle him to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, which he accordingly received at the following Commencement. He was also fully qualified for admission to the Bar, had he chosen to apply for it, but he never did.

It was probably while he was a member of the Law School that the following incidents occurred, as related by Mr. Thomas Cushing in the letter already quoted: —

“I do not remember the year, but it must have been in a college vacation, or soon after graduation, that we had a very good Circus Company passing the winter in Boston, the Director of which also gave instruction in horsemanship. Meeting Parkman one day, he told me that he was taking lessons there, and suggested to me to join him. I did so, and we had very pleasant times together. He was evidently aiming to become a *thorough* horseman,¹ and used to practise such things as jumping on and off at full speed, etc., which I did not try, having a

¹ In a note to the above, Mr. Cushing adds: “No doubt Parkman had in mind his Indian Expedition, which occurred soon after.”

wife and family at the time. A company of us sometimes rode out in the neighborhood, presenting rather a gay appearance, mounted on horses of wonderful colors."

It was about this time also that he was in the habit of taking walks about Boston with his classmate Edmund Dwight, — walks which usually ended with a cup of coffee at Mrs. Haven's celebrated shop in School Street. He appeared to be in fair health, but seemed to have something on his mind, — was "brooding," doubtless, on his historical plans, — and would from time to time rouse himself from a fit of abstraction with a characteristic gesture and shake of the head.

RELATIONS WITH HARVARD COLLEGE AFTER GRADUATION.

With the completion of the prescribed course at the Law School Parkman's connection with the University as a student came to an end. But his relations with his *Alma Mater* by no means ceased. Officially or unofficially they continued as long as his life lasted.

At Commencement, 18 July, 1868, he was elected for the term of six years as one of the Overseers, but held the position less than three years, resigning 29 May, 1871.

He had shortly before been made Professor of Horticulture, and was the first to hold that professorship in the University. He retained it, however, only about a year, resigning in 1872.

In 1874 he was again nominated as a candidate for Overseer, and was chosen by a very large majority for the three-years term, but served for two years only, resigning in 1876.

In 1875 he was chosen one of the Fellows of the Corporation, and served the College in that capacity for thirteen years, resigning in 1888.

How faithfully he performed the duties which devolved upon him in the several offices which he held under or as a part of the College government, only those who were co-workers with him are competent to testify. President Eliot, at the commemorative service in Sanders Theatre, 6 December, 1893, said that, while serving as one of the Fellows, Parkman "was always punctual, never absent from the meetings, and if late, he always apologized;"

also, that he "advocated the establishment of a course in oral discussion, and that the present College course known as English 6 is the result of his labor."

In 1889 the College gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

His long, willing, and faithful service was not the only evidence Parkman gave of his devoted attachment to the University, or, as his conservative spirit made him prefer to call it, the College. "Montcalm and Wolfe," being the seventh and concluding part of his great historical work, published in 1884, bore the following dedication:—

TO
HARVARD COLLEGE,
THE ALMA MATER UNDER WHOSE INFLUENCE THE
PURPOSE OF WRITING IT WAS CONCEIVED,
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Finally he bequeathed, in the words of his will, "all my printed books relating to History, Voyages, or Travels, and also all my printed books in Greek or Latin, and all my manuscript maps, to the President and Fellows of Harvard College."

RELATIONS WITH THE CLASS OF 1844 AFTER GRADUATION.

If Francis Parkman loved his College, he loved no less, or even more, his Class, the band of foster-brothers who had shared with him the nurturing care of their common *Alma Mater*. If he dedicated one of his books to the College, he had already, fifteen years earlier, inscribed another to his classmates. "The Discovery of the Great West," being Part Third of the series of historical narratives, has this dedication:—

TO THE CLASS OF 1844,
HARVARD COLLEGE,
THIS BOOK IS CORDIALLY DEDICATED
BY ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

The year of its publication, 1869, was that in which the Class celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation.

Parkman had a large share of what half a century ago, was called class spirit, or class feeling, — a sentiment whose most conspicuous manifestation was the good opinion which the members of a College class held, not so much of themselves, as of each other. It was a sentiment which impelled all to take a brotherly interest in each, to share each other's triumphs, to extend a helping hand to the unsuccessful, and animated each and all with the ambition to deserve well of the Class, of the College, and the country. Far distant be the day when such a spirit shall no longer exist in Harvard College.

Animated with this spirit, he was a very regular attendant at the Class-meetings which, since 1864, the twentieth anniversary, have been held every Commencement Day at Cambridge, in one or another of the College buildings, usually in Holworthy. No one enjoyed them more than he. Very cordial in his greetings to those present, whose College nicknames he never failed to remember, he was eager in his inquiries about the absent. His great delight was in recalling the undergraduate days, and in relating humorous anecdotes of his own and others' experiences. He took a lively interest in any matter which might come up for discussion, was one of the original subscribers to the Class Fund, and one of the first to contribute his photograph to the Class Album.

He was always very solicitous that the Class should bear an honorable part in any worthy scheme in which the College was interested. At the meeting on Commencement Day, 1869, he strongly urged the claims of the "Class Subscription Fund," with the result that over eighteen hundred dollars was at once obtained from those present, while a considerable sum in addition was subscribed later. When, after its heavy losses by the great Boston fire in 1872, the College asked for pecuniary aid, Parkman drew up and headed with a very generous contribution a supplementary appeal, specially addressed to the Class. The Class responded with subscriptions amounting to more than two thousand dollars.

At the Class-meeting on Commencement Day, 1874, when for the first time the Alumni dinner took place in the Memorial Building, he first suggested that the Class should pledge itself to give a stained-glass window for the decoration and enrichment of the new hall, and, later, served as one of the volunteer committee to carry that purpose into effect. When it became necessary to select

two historical personages to be portrayed in the window, his choice of "the Chevalier Bayard, as representing Chivalry and Loyalty to Duty — and Christopher Columbus, as typifying Faith, or Perseverance against obstacles," was at once ratified by the committee. It is easy to understand Parkman's selection. Bayard and Columbus were favorite heroes with him, and he had a large share of the characteristic virtues he ascribed to each.

This is not the place to record all the difficulties and disappointments which delayed for five years the execution of a purpose so enthusiastically begun, nor how it happened that the figures of Chaucer and Dante, as they now appear in the window, came to be substituted for those originally chosen. This change was a great disappointment to Parkman, but he accepted it cheerfully, when it seemed to be unavoidable, and his interest in the window suffered no abatement. He continued to be an active member of the committee, attending all its meetings, and giving valuable advice and assistance in the composition of the Latin inscription, and in the choice of the minor emblematical and decorative portions of the design.

The completed window was first shown to the public, in its place in the Hall, on Commencement Day, 25 June, 1879. Parkman, who as an officer of the College had the privilege of an earlier private view, wrote to the Class Secretary a few days before (19 June, 1879): "I have seen the window, and like it very much. It will do credit, I think, to 1844."

His disappointment at the failure of *his* Class to be the first to offer a window was mitigated by the fact that the Class which had been so fortunate as to gain the precedence in that respect had not been able to secure priority in the completion of their gift, and that the two windows were first seen by the public on the same day and side by side. There was also a further consolation. In the same note to the Secretary, and still speaking of the window, Parkman says: "Comparisons are odious; but between ourselves, I think that though darker than its neighbor, it shines in comparison with it."

In the same note he adds: "I trust I shall be able to look in at the Class-meeting. It would be much pleasanter than being stuck behind a rail, in a dress coat and white choker."

This was a playful allusion to one of his duties as a Fellow of

the Corporation, namely, that of attending, in evening dress, the exercises of the graduating class. He had already frequently regretted, as one of the drawbacks of the new dignity to which he had been chosen in 1875, that it "would oblige him to give only about fifteen minutes, instead of three hours, to the annual Class-meeting, while it might sometimes prevent his coming at all."

In 1878 Parkman was a contributor to the Dr. James Walker memorial, and in 1888 one of the signers of a letter, accompanied by a gift, addressed by members of the Class to Professor Lovering on his completion of fifty years' service as Professor in the College.

In 1885, May 6, as before mentioned, he was present at the complimentary dinner in honor of his classmate Gould. He seemed then in excellent health and spirits, and made a felicitous and humorous speech. He was also one of the signers of the letter of invitation previously addressed to Dr. Gould.

At the Class-meeting held on Commencement Day, 1889, Parkman was present, but, with characteristic modesty and reticence, said nothing to his classmates of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him on that day by the College. Always too much, perhaps, in the habit of keeping closely to their own room at Commencement, they knew nothing of the honor conferred upon their associate, and reflectively upon themselves, until they learned it from the newspapers. This proved to be the last meeting of the Class which Parkman attended.

In 1891 he was one of a committee appointed to prepare resolutions on the death of a classmate, Horatio J. Perry, and was a contributor to the memorial tablet to General Wild.

At Commencement, 1891, the Class Secretary received from him the following note:—

MY DEAR WHEELWRIGHT,—I wish I could come; but Holworthy stairs are too much for me. Remember me cordially to the fellows.

Yours ever,

PARKMAN 2D.

JAMAICA PLAIN, 18 June.

The allusion to Holworthy stairs is explained by the following note, addressed, a month previously, to the Chairman of the committee having in charge the Annual Unitarian Festival:—

JAMAICA PLAIN, May 18, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR, — Thank you cordially for your kind invitation to the Unitarian Festival. I wish with all my heart that I were able to come; but for some years I have been prevented from attending any social entertainments by "arthritis" in both knees, which has kept me a good part of the time a prisoner, — a consequence, as the infallible medical faculty say, of hereditary gout; so that I can only send my good wishes to the representatives of liberal thought in religion.

Yours very truly,

HENRY H. EDES, Esq.

F. PARKMAN.

Again, in 1892, replying to the notice of the Class-meeting which was to be held 29 June, he writes:—

JAMAICA PLAIN, 22 JUNE.

DEAR WHEELWRIGHT, — Your circular of June 20 has come. My knees are not equal to the climb to 7 Holworthy, and I am going to Portsmouth on the 28th, so I must lose the Class-meeting. Please give my regrets and kind remembrance to the fellows, and tell those who are still bachelors to marry at once and raise up sons and daughters to serve the country.

Yours very truly,

PARKMAN 2D.

He was very fond of giving the advice he sends to his classmates, and was an enthusiastic advocate of early marriages and large families, — matters in which so many of his own ancestors had set excellent examples.

At the Class-meeting at Commencement, 28 June, 1893, he was still unable to be present, and omitted sending his customary message to the Class. He was then recovering from the effects of a severe attack of pleurisy which had nearly proved fatal in the previous autumn, and from another malady which had followed a few months later, and which had confined him for a time to his chair. At this meeting, in view of the approaching Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the graduation of the Class, when, according to custom, some one of its members would probably be called upon for a speech at the Commencement dinner, it was —

"*Voted, unanimously, That Francis Parkman be the speaker for the Class on its fiftieth anniversary, with Leverett Saltonstall as substitute, and that the Class Secretary notify them of their election.*"

The Secretary having fulfilled his instructions, received from Parkman the following reply, dated at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 15 September, 1893, — the eve of his seventieth birthday:

DEAR NED, — I will try to accept the Class golden-wedding job; and if I find that it can't be done, will give you timely notice.

F. P.

This was Parkman's last communication to the Class of 1844. Within two months after he wrote it, his anticipations and those of his classmates in regard to their golden anniversary were frustrated by his death.

“THE OREGON TRAIL” — “PONTIAC” — “VASSALL MORTON.”

On 28 May, 1846, two months to a day after leaving the Law School, Parkman set out from St. Louis, accompanied by his cousin, Quincy A. Shaw, on their now famous journey to the Rocky Mountains. They called it a “tour of curiosity and amusement,” but for Parkman it had a hidden and serious purpose. It was to be a part of his preparation for writing the history he proposed to undertake. He felt it necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the Indian, — not of the Indian as he still lingered, a degraded remnant, among the scenes of his ancient renown, but as he was when his effective alliance was sought by a Montcalm or a Wolfe. Such Indians there still were in the Far West. Another purpose was to give rest to his eyes, the weakness of sight which had interrupted his studies in College having again declared itself.

He was fortunate in falling in with a band, or wandering village, of the Dakota or Sioux, who were thorough savages.

“Neither their manners nor their ideas were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. . . . They fought with the weapons that their fathers fought with, and wore the same garments of skins. They were living representatives of the ‘stone age;’ for though their lances and arrows were tipped with iron procured from the traders, they still used the rude stone mallet of the primeval world.”¹

With this band he was domesticated for several weeks, living as one of the family in the lodge of a principal chief, and having

¹ The Oregon Trail, p. 204.

unusual opportunities for observation. He had one great disappointment. A warlike expedition against the Snakes, their hereditary foes, in which all the bands of the Dakota were to engage, to the number of a thousand warriors, was abandoned after interminable and characteristic delays and vacillation; and he was obliged to content himself with joining, instead, a peaceful excursion beyond the Black Hills for the purpose of hunting the buffalo and for cutting lodge-poles. The exchange was perhaps, on the whole, a fortunate one. On the war-path there are scalps to be lost as well as taken.

It was not the Indian alone that he had an opportunity of studying on this journey. He became familiar with the life of the hunter, the trapper, the Canadian voyageur, — the mongrel race, half Indian, half white man, fair representatives of those who, under similar names and of the same lineage, played their part in the events he proposed to chronicle. He even had an opportunity of seeing the march through the wilderness of organized military bodies. He met on the return journey several detachments of United States troops on their way to take part in the Mexican War. They were only volunteers, but in their lax discipline and their want of true martial bearing did not probably differ much from the raw levies sent by Massachusetts to the invasion of Canada or the siege of Louisbourg.

The knowledge gained on this journey was invaluable to Parkman. It enabled him to make the Indian in his pages a living being, and to infuse a new meaning and actuality into the stories of border warfare. He makes constant reference to it in his subsequent works, and it is evident that in the narrative of it which he published not the half of what it had taught him was told.

The two travellers reached Boston, on their return, in October, 1846, having been absent about five months. Parkman's health had suffered severely during the journey; and now that he had no longer the stimulus of the chase and of a life of constant activity in the open air, and when the necessity of keeping a bold face in the presence of savage companions had ceased, he broke down completely. It was at a water-cure establishment at Brattleborough, Vermont, to which he had gone to recuperate, that he dictated a record of the expedition to the companion who had shared with him its perils and excitements. The narrative was first issued as

a serial in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," the first instalment appearing in February, 1847, under the title, "The Oregon Trail, or a Summer Journey out of Bounds. By a Bostonian." In the next number, however, the pseudonym is dropped, and the real name of the author takes its place. Republished in book form in 1849, it has proved one of the most popular tales of travel ever written, and has passed through several editions. The ninth, published in 1892, is illustrated by Mr. Frederic Remington. Parkman was greatly pleased with these illustrations. He says, in his preface, the book "has found a powerful helper in the pencil of Mr. Remington, whose pictures are as full of truth as of spirit, for they are the work of one who knew the prairies and the mountains before irresistible commonplace had subdued them." They certainly surpass in artistic merit the paintings of Catlin, and even the lithographs — some of them colored — with which Charles Bodmer illustrated the "Travels of Prince Maximilian de Wied," to which Parkman also gave high praise for their fidelity to nature.¹

"The Oregon Trail" was not, perhaps, the first of Parkman's contributions to the Knickerbocker Magazine. In the twenty-fifth volume of that excellent periodical, in the issues for March and April, 1845, are two papers, "The Ranger's Adventure, by a New Contributor," and "The Scalp-Hunter, a Semi-Historical Sketch," both unsigned, which from internal evidence seem very probably to have been written by him.

In the year before the publication of the Oregon Trail as a separate book, — that is, in 1848, — he began the composition of the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac." Under what difficulties, and in spite of what obstacles this task was accomplished, he has himself related in his preface to the book, and in the autobiographical fragment which was read to the Massachusetts Historical Society at the Special Meeting, 21 November, 1893. In the latter he makes graceful mention of the assistance given by that "half of humanity," which he felt it needless to specify. Fortunate was it for him that the like aid was never wanting to him through life.

After two years and a half the book was completed, and at once took its place among the most popular of histories. It was in a

¹ A Half Century of Conflict, i. 333; ii. 38-41.

measure the accomplishment of Parkman's original design of writing a narrative of the old French war, since a brief but graphic account of that struggle serves as an introduction to the story of the Indian hero, which in itself is a sequel to the completed series of histories.

The decade following the year 1849 was an eventful one in the life of the historian. During that period he finished and published, in 1851, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," his first historical work. In that interval, also, he was married, 13 May, 1850, to Catherine Scollay, daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow of Boston, and had three children born to him, one of whom, his only son, died in 1857, at the age of less than two years. His wife also died, after only eight years of married life. In these years also occurred what he has called the "two crises of his disorder," one at the end of 1853, the other in 1858, as well as an effusion of water on the left knee in the autumn of 1851, involving a close confinement of two years, and permanently weakening the joint. It was in the midst of this critical stage of his malady that he wrote and published, in 1856, his only work of fiction, "Vassall Morton." It was far from having the success of his other books, and is now nearly forgotten. Its author never included it in the list of his works, and if he ever mentioned it in after-life, it was but slightly. It was criticised as faulty in construction, and as too melodramatic, though "The Crayon," in its capacity of art journal, found much to praise in its descriptions of scenery; yet it is a book by no means to be neglected by Parkman's biographer. As often happens with a first novel, it is, to a considerable extent, a self-revelation of the author. The hero, though there is little resemblance between his story and Parkman's own, is in many respects very like him. He has the same passion for the woods, the same craving for activity, the same love of adventure, the same "sovereign scorn for every physical weakness or defect;" and he has, like him, one paramount ambition, one engrossing study, somewhat akin to that to which Parkman devoted himself.

"Thierry's 'Norman Conquest' had fallen into his hands soon after he entered College. The whole delighted him; but he read and re-read the opening chapters, which exhibit the movements of the various races in their occupancy of the west of Europe. This first gave him an impulse

towards ethnological inquiries. He soon began to find an absorbing interest in tracing the distinctions, moral, intellectual, and physical, of different races, as shown in their history, their mythologies, their languages, their legends, their primitive art, literature, and way of life. The idea grew upon him of devoting his life to such studies."¹

In the next paragraph the hero is represented as "seated on the wooden bench at the edge of Fresh Pond," revolving for the hundredth time the arguments for and against his proposed scheme, and finally "clinching his long-cherished purpose of devoting himself to ethnology for the rest of his days." It is not impossible that we have here a veritable bit of autobiography.

The conversations with which the book abounds are uncommonly animated. A great variety of subjects are discussed by the interlocutors with a force and pungency which vividly recall the author's own familiar talk. In his autobiographical fragment, he mentions as one effect of the two years' close confinement following the effusion of water on the knee in 1851, that "the brain was stimulated to a restless activity, impelling through it a headlong current of thought." This book, which must have been written or dictated about that time, may have been to him a safety-valve to relieve "the whirl, the confusion, and strange undefined torture attending this condition." Similar torture is endured by the hero of the novel in an Austrian dungeon.

HORTICULTURE — THE HISTORIES.

For several years after the publication of "Vassall Morton" Parkman's physical condition was such that all literary work was impossible. But a state of quiescent inactivity was equally impossible to him, and he took up with his habitual energy the practice of horticulture, with results decidedly beneficial to his health. Nor were these the only results.

"He practised the art of gardening with a success rarely equalled by those even who have devoted their lives to that occupation. . . . He introduced to cultivation in this country many new and attractive plants. He produced varieties in the lily and the poppy which will long adorn

¹ Vassall Morton, p. 37.

the gardens of the world, and he wrote one of our most useful books upon the rose and its cultivation."¹

His success in this new field attracted the attention of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and he was for three years its "energetic and wise president."² It also procured for him the appointment as Professor of Horticulture in Harvard University, already mentioned. He did not give over this fascinating pursuit when the improvement in his health allowed him to resume his historical labors, but remained devoted to it through life, though toward the end he relaxed somewhat his original ardor.

It was not till 1865, nine years after the appearance of "Vassall Morton," that Parkman was able to publish "The Pioneers of France in the New World," being Part I. of the series, "France and England in North America." Part II., "The Jesuits," followed in 1867; Part III., "The Discovery of the Great West," in 1869; Part IV., "The Old Régime," in 1874; Part V., "Count Frontenac," in 1877. Then, Part VI. being passed over for the time, Part VII., "Montcalm and Wolfe," was published in 1884. The reason for this departure from chronological sequence was, as he said, that he wished to make sure of the final chapters of his book, those which contained the climax of the story, the final victory of the English on the Heights of Abraham. To recount this had been the goal of his ambition from the start, and to this all the rest of the history was merely introductory. The work had taken a much longer time than he had anticipated, and he feared that if he did not finish "Montcalm and Wolfe" at once, it might never see the light. His fear of not living to complete the series of his histories was not justified by the event, and the temporary gap was filled by the publication of "A Half Century of Conflict" in 1892. Twenty-seven years had elapsed since the publication of the first Part of the series, and the successive Parts had followed at intervals varying from two to eight years.

During this time Parkman had also contributed many articles to the magazines, consisting in great measure of advance chapters

¹ "The Book of Roses," published in 1866. See a paper read before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society by Dr. Henry P. Walcott, in the Boston Transcript, 16 December, 1893.

² *Ibid.*

from his histories, but comprising also reviews of books relating to American history, and a few papers upon political or social subjects, notably an article on "The Failure of Universal Suffrage," in the *North American Review* for July-August, 1878.

It is needless to recount all the obstacles and difficulties encountered and overcome in the preparation and composition of the "Historical Narratives." All this has been told by Parkman himself in his prefaces and in his autobiographical fragment. The volumes, as they successively appeared, were elaborately reviewed, and the verdict of the best critics, both at home and abroad, was decidedly favorable.

In Canada they excited great enthusiasm. It was recognized that, for the first time, the early history of that region had been fairly dealt with, and that Parkman was entitled to the gratitude of all patriotic Canadians. McGill University, at Montreal, gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws ten years before he received a similar honor from his own *Alma Mater*. A new township in Quebec County was named after him, and it was proposed to place his portrait in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa, while the Abbé Casgrain published at Quebec in 1872, in French, a charming *brochure*, in which he gives an account of the visit he made to the historian in Boston the previous year, a sketch of his life, and a review of so much of his great work as had then appeared. This review is highly eulogistic, with certain reservations natural to one who looked at events from the standpoint of the Jesuits,¹ rather than from that of liberty, which was Parkman's own.

One of the features of Parkman's histories which has been most highly praised is his faithful and picturesque descriptions of natural scenery. In these word-paintings he follows instinctively the rule so often insisted on by his friend, the artist William M. Hunt, "Accentuate the things that count." He thus avoids making mere catalogues or inventories of objects, — a fault into which the scrupulous but prosaic delineator, whether with pen or pencil, is apt to fall, — and gives us pictures instinct at once with artistic and poetic feeling. Many examples of his felicity of description might be given, but there is one which has a peculiar interest as a portrayal of features peculiar to the primeval American forest, — that forest of which he somewhere says his writings are the history: —

¹ See "The Jesuits," p. 448.

“ . . . the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks, each like an Atlas upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark and channelled rind; some strong in youth, some grisly with decrepit age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres; roots intertwined beneath, like serpents petrified in an agony of contorted strife; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks, turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks, as bent in the impotence of rottenness they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow, like mouldering reptiles of the primeval world, while around and on and through them springs the young growth that battens on their decay, — the forest devouring its own dead.”¹

Such scenes as this, to be found nowhere except in the inmost recesses of the primeval forests of our Northern wildernesses, can indeed be adequately portrayed only by the pen; the pencil and the brush recoil from them in impotence. The various features, each of them essential to the understanding of the whole, are so crowded and intertwined that no general view can be had at one time and from one spot; they must be taken in successively and from different points. Besides, the palette has no colors to give the mysterious twilight, the oppressive stillness, and the chilling atmosphere, which would be death to the artist who should linger long in these damp recesses.

A concise yet comprehensive summary of Parkman's work as an historian, and a just estimate of the place it should hold in literature, are contained in the closing paragraph of the address read by John Fiske, a brother historian, at the memorial service in the academic theatre of Harvard University, soon after Parkman's death: —

“ Thus, great in his natural powers, and great in the use he made of them, Parkman was no less great in his occasion and in his theme. Of all American historians he is the most deeply and peculiarly American, yet he is at the same time the broadest and most cosmopolitan. The book which depicts at once the social life of the stone age, and the victory of the English political Idea over the French Idea in securing this continent for its expansion, is a book for all mankind and for all time.

¹ The Old Régime in Canada, p. 314.

Strong in its individuality, and like to nothing beside, it clearly belongs among the world's few masterpieces of the highest rank."¹

It was well worth fifty years of striving to attain such a result. It had taken a lifetime: the work was done, but the life, too, was nearly ended.

SOCIAL LIFE — CHARACTER.

During all these years Parkman made his home in Boston or its immediate vicinity. He paid, however, in the mean time several visits to Europe, and spent one winter in Florida. He made also frequent excursions to Canada and other localities, in which were laid the scenes of his histories, and often passed a week or two in "camping out," always with great benefit to his health.

His house at Jamaica Plain was the one which he had built for himself in 1854, and in which the later summers of his brief married life had been passed. It stood on rising ground, close to the shore of Jamaica Pond. Here he had his garden and green-houses, and here he came early in the spring, and remained late in the autumn of every year. He kept on the pond a boat, into which he could step from his garden, and obtain in rowing the exercise that was essential to him when walking was difficult and painful. Frequent friendly visits to a muskrat, his neighbor on the shore of the pond, added to the pleasure he took in his boat.

It was pleasant to visit him in his garden. He not only took pride in his flowers, but loved them, speaking of their characters, their habits, their caprices, as though they had been sentient beings. He was very generous in giving away blossoms, roots, and cuttings, and was always ready with wise counsel as to cultivation and management.

After the loss of his wife he returned to live, during the winter months, with his widowed mother, at first in a house in Walnut Street, and later at No. 50 Chestnut Street, Boston. Here his mother died in 1871, and the house having become the property of his only remaining unmarried sister, the two made it their permanent winter home, sharing together also the summer residence at Jamaica Plain. After the marriage of his youngest daughter, and the purchase by her husband of the old Wentworth house at

¹ Mr. Fiske has kindly furnished a copy of this paragraph.

Portsmouth, N. H., he usually made a visit there during the hot months of the summer. He greatly delighted in the place, on account both of its situation and of its historic associations. He has given a description of it in one of his books.¹

In Parkman's case the boy was truly father of the man. Such as we have seen him in boyhood, youth, and early manhood, such he remained to the end. His character broadened, deepened; it did not change. His native vehemence was chastened, but by no means obliterated. His courage was shown in enduring pain, disappointment, and delay in mature life, no less than in the hazardous adventures of youth. The calm good-judgment and fertility of resource, which had stood him in good stead in the forest and on the prairie, served him as faithfully in less romantic, but no less difficult straits. To do his work, and to prolong his life that he *might* do it, was the double task to which he applied himself. The task was accomplished through his own unflinching courage, his tenacity of purpose, his patient industry, his unconquerable will.

But it was done quietly and simply. He rarely made any allusion to his work, or to the difficulties which impeded it. He said very little about his books or himself, except in reply to questions, and seemed to avoid the subject of his various illnesses and physical discomforts, as though half ashamed of having them. He studied his case for himself, and was often his own best physician; but he never wearied his friends with details of his symptoms, never repined, never complained, but bore all his trials, not only with fortitude, but with cheerfulness.

There was little in his personal appearance, at least in his later years, that denoted the invalid. The "squareness" of his shoulders was noticeable even when in college, and the exercise of rowing had still further developed both shoulders and chest. There was an alertness in all his movements as well as in his speech, and he carried himself more like a soldier than a scholar. No beard disguised the high-bred refinement of his face, or hid the varying expressions of his sensitive mouth, where gentleness was joined to strength.

He was fond of society, and had the instinct of hospitality. At his winter home in Chestnut Street, when his health permitted, he

¹ A Half Century of Conflict, ii. 92.

delighted to entertain his club, or a small circle of guests, at dinner or at an afternoon reception. But the care he had to take of his health, and the constant vigilance he had to exercise in order to keep his mental faculties in working condition, prescribed limits to the indulgence of these tastes. He was not often seen in large assemblies. Crowds were not only dangerous to him, but he disliked them. Often he was obliged to adopt the rule of seeing only one visitor at a time. But even when confined to his chair or his bed, and when the limit of a visit was fixed by his physician at five minutes, he had always a pleasant smile and a cheerful greeting for a friend. His fondness for animals never abated, and if a friend, as sometimes happened, brought a dog with him, the four-footed visitor was never denied admittance, but was welcomed cordially and by name.

He showed in his life the qualities, so conspicuous in his writings, of quick discernment, sound judgment, a keen sense of justice and absolute integrity, together with a sympathetic imagination which enabled him to put himself in another's place, and to see from another's standpoint, without abandoning his own. He had a strong tinge of conservatism, and on subjects in regard to which he felt himself competent he had his convictions, and expressed them without reserve. His friends, and they were many, both men and women, came to him for sympathy and counsel, and none found him wanting.

He was a delightful companion. His wide interests, his love of all manly exercises, his passion for all animal life, no matter how lowly, his faculty of close observation, and, above all, his keen and delicate sense of humor, made intercourse with him always stimulating and suggestive. It is probable that his sense of humor not only helped him over many a rough road, but quickened his insight into character, which was very acute. He was quick to see the humor of a situation or of a character; hence his great delight in Miss Austen's novels. Any one who has had the privilege of knowing him well will remember the peculiar charm of his smile when relating anything which amused him. It was not merely external; it seemed to arise in an inner consciousness, as it were, first stealing into his eyes, and spreading at last to the sensitive, flexible mouth, where it became of rare beauty. He was critical and fastidious in his literary taste, liking only the best. Brought up

among the refinements of life, he was essentially a gentleman in manner and in taste; but as he was a Spartan in the bearing of pain, so he was also a Spartan in his love of simplicity. Luxuries did not attract him; he did not object to them, but he simply did not care for them. He lived the quiet and unostentatious life of the scholar, keeping steadily to his life work, and finishing it under great stress of pain and difficulty, but with eye and heart open to all beneficent and humane influences, simple in his wants, generous in giving, of entire rectitude, greatly beloved by those nearest him by kin and friendship.

DEATH — FUNERAL — MEMORIAL SERVICE.

In the latter part of the year 1892 he had a severe attack of pleurisy, complicated with congestion of the liver, from which he was for some time not expected to recover. By the beginning of 1893 he had rallied from this; but in February he was prostrated by a new disease (phlebitis), which kept him for several weeks confined to his bed, and afterward to his chair. During the summer, at Jamaica Plain, and afterward at Portsmouth, his health greatly improved. He still suffered, indeed, from insomnia, which had now for years been chronic with him; and the arthritis, which had at first attacked the knees, had lately declared itself also in the shoulders, incapacitating him at times for rowing, and compelling him to devise other means for obtaining the exercise which was absolutely indispensable. On the whole, however, he seemed, on his return to Jamaica Plain in the autumn, in somewhat better physical condition and in better spirits than had of late been usual with him.

His seventieth birthday, 16 September, brought him abundant congratulations from his friends and from the press; and it was confidently hoped that he had still many years of life and usefulness before him. But seven weeks later, on the fifth of November, on returning from a short row on the pond, he had a seizure of peritonitis, causing, as is usual with that affection, intense and persistent pain. The illness was short, lasting only three days, and the end was sudden, painless, and peaceful. He died on the eighth of November, 1893.

His funeral took place on Saturday, 11 November, at King's

Chapel, Boston. The church was crowded; and the services, conducted by the Rev. Howard N. Brown of Brookline, were solemn and impressive. Use was made of the new "Book of Prayer and Praise for Congregational Worship," recently published, in which, "in the Burial Service, an effort has been made to change the too dominant note of gloom to one of hope and trust." The selections read had been carefully chosen, and were strikingly appropriate.

Twelve of Parkman's classmates, out of a total of twenty-eight survivors, were present, and a wreath, bearing the date of the Class, in white blossoms upon dark-green leaves, was laid upon his coffin in their name.

The pall-bearers, selected by the family from among his personal friends, were John Lowell, Martin Brimmer, Daniel Denison Slade, George Silsbee Hale, John Quincy Adams, Charles Sprague Sargent, and Edward Wheelwright. Of these, three were his classmates, and five, including these classmates, were members of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts.

On the evening of 6 December, 1893, a commemorative service in honor of Francis Parkman was held at Cambridge, in Sanders Theatre, the academic forum of the University, where, four years before, Parkman had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and where, on so many Commencement Days, he had sat among the Fellows of the College. The audience was largely composed of students, whose quiet and reverential demeanor was strikingly in accord with the occasion. Addresses were made by President Eliot, Mr. Justin Winsor, and Mr. John Fiske. In the intervals of the speaking, a choir of undergraduates furnished appropriate music. The simple ceremony was at once affecting and inspiring. There was sorrow for the loss of a distinguished son and high officer of the College; but there was also exultation over the victory won, and the splendid example bequeathed to posterity.

The three speakers paid just and eloquent tribute to Parkman's fame as an historian.¹ But the man was greater than the historian; and to Parkman the man, no tribute has been paid more

¹ The closing paragraph of Mr. John Fiske's address has been already quoted on page 42.

